

all my love

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/48335806) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/48335806>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Dream SMP
Relationship:	Olivesleepy & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Olivesleepy (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	TommyInnit Needs a Hug (Video Blogging RPF) , Olivesleepy needs a hug (Video Blogging RPF) , is ice!olive's canonical last name sleepy now? , Yes. Yes it is. , basically the main idea of this fic is that ice!cobbleduo are NOT to be separated , Slice of Life , Figure Skater TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , hi I missed ice au , SUE ME ??? , Why aren't there more ice olive tags? u leave for A COUPLE OF MONTHS AND THIS HAPPENS , Olivesleepy is a Good Friend (Video Blogging RPF) , Figure Skater Olivesleepy (Video Blogging RPF) , Sleepy Cuddles , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Domestic Fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 12 of from ice to water
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-04 Words: 5,427 Chapters: 1/1

all my love

by [Drhair76](#)

Summary

“Yeah,” Tommy says. “I don’t know what I’m doing though.”

Olive grins. “Me either. Isn’t that so exciting?”

or, how close are Olive and Tommy, really?

Notes

this was SUPPOSED to be apart of the slice of ice drabbles and then I really missed them so .
here they go!

songs I listened to as I wrote this:

unavailable - leon Chang

all my love - Noah Kahan

in our bedroom after the war - stars

[also just this playlist!](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Opinions on fruits," Olive asks one morning, shifting in their stool and crossing their legs under them.

They're both sitting in a hotel breakfast bar waiting for Eret to come downstairs so they can head off to the rink and begin yet another weekend of skating for scores. Tommy's used to waking up this early – earlier, in fact – but Olive and Eret are still getting adjusted. Since Olive is a great friend (and they both share a hotel room) they've decided to not let Tommy get up alone. Hence, the both of them sitting here, at a darkened, closed breakfast bar, trying to kill time.

Tommy watches, impressed by their balance – he's a figure skater, but he wouldn't trust his own weight with these rickety cafe stools even if his life depended on it. His therapist would probably say that is an indication of distrust in his own abilities and then crack him open like a walnut until he's crying cathartically about an event that he forgot had even happened. "Fruits?" He asks, leaning his cheek on his fist and watching the way Olive's eyes gleam.

"Yes. Fruits. They make fruit teas, you know. Cold tea. Some people drink them hot, but I think those people aren't real, and you know how I'm always right about these things."

"Mh," he hums, amused. "My mum used to make raspberry tea in the summer, actually." Tommy suddenly remembers, closing his eyes. He can picture it now: the bowls of berries on the kitchen counter the night before, sugar sticking to his little not-yet graceful fingers as he did his best to help her, his father coming in and laughing at them both trying to fit four pitchers into the fridge before kneeling down and helping them make room. *I guess I better finish all this chicken salad*, he would joke with a grin, and Tommy's mum would make a teasing face at him, then help him make chicken salad sandwiches with grapes and onions. "She would host these parties at our house, and string lights across the backyard. There'd be a barbecue and a fire pit. Dad would take me shopping for marshmallows and graham crackers. Eryn and I would chase fireflies all night, and when we'd get thirsty, we'd have these huge glasses of raspberry tea. It was...I was happy."

When he opens his eyes, Olive has stilled, and is watching him with that gentle, open expression that they sometimes get. At first, he hadn't known what it was, but now, he thinks he has an idea. They're taking every single soft, careful, hesitant word that Tommy has said, and holding onto it gently. They're not going to forget a single second of it.

"That sounds beautiful, Tommy." Olive says finally, breaking the delicate silence that has taken over them both. "I've honestly never liked fruit teas but – well, if your mother makes some in the future, I'd be more than willing to chase fireflies with you until I'm thirsty enough to try it."

Tommy ducks his head to hide his smile. He wants to say that it's been years since he's made tea with his mother, that all the tea he drinks now is whatever Olive pushes at him to try, but he doesn't. No need to ruin the idea of a beautiful memory. Besides, he likes the hope that Olive infuses into it; he likes that they believe maybe one day that memory can come back to him, and that they can be in it too.

Eret, as homework, often directs them to do affirmations. Positive ones. In the morning and also sometimes before they go to sleep, especially after a skate that they aren't entirely proud of.

Of course, Eret says, I can't check to make sure you guys are doing this. I say that it's homework, but really, it's up to you. If nothing else, I just want to leave you with some good coping mechanisms to combat all the noise you hear from everyone else.

Olive had a million questions - *when are we supposed to do them, how long do they have to be, do we have to look at ourselves in the mirror when we do it, because sometimes, I just want to lay on the floor and not stare at myself for ten minutes* – but Tommy didn't have any. Well, he didn't ask any of his questions. He had a lot of them, and a lot of worry, and a lot of nerves, but he kept it all to himself because they felt stupid and trivial.

Ah, Tommy thinks suddenly. Maybe that's why we're supposed to do this. That feels like a thought that Techno would gently tsk at, then redirect into something a lot more gentle and positive.

“Do you want to try and do them together?” Olive asks, and Tommy is very grateful for them. They do this all the time – *let's go on the run together; let's get dinner together; I'm going downstairs to look around at all the cool art stalls, do you want to come with me?* Anytime there's something that Tommy might feel a little silly doing on his own, Olive is there to hold his hand and pull them both through it.

“Yeah,” Tommy says. “I don't know what I'm doing though.”

Olive grins. “Me either. Isn't that so exciting?”

They decide to do it in their hotel room after the events of the day. Olive takes a shower, puts on pajamas, and then Tommy goes next. They've decided that Tommy will always shower second, because – and this was another one of those vulnerable, honest moments that Wilbur keeps praising him over – they talked about some of Tommy's anxieties with hotel rooms and sharing them with another person.

Would you rather us have separate rooms? Olive asked, very amenable, but Tommy shook his head. He didn't want to cause any trouble. Besides, it wasn't as if he felt uncomfortable with *Olive*. It was just the hotel room. He remembered all the time and all the trouble he dealt with when it came to his coach, and it made his chest tight to think about going through any of that again. But, they talked about it, and together they came up with little things that would make them both feel much more comfortable rooming together, and have developed their own little routine.

Tommy showers second because he hates feeling like he could be keeping someone awake, and hogging the bathroom. Olive is allowed to be as messy as they want (which isn't really *that* messy anyway) just so long as they're packed up by the time they all need to check out. Tommy can wake up whenever he wakes up, as long as he actually *sleeps* and as long as he eats breakfast in the morning. And for both of them, either bed is free, which means more often than not, they're both accidentally falling asleep curled up together amidst the blankets anyway.

So that's why when Tommy gets out of the shower after toweling his hair dry, Olive is sitting there, cross-legged on the bed with a blanket around their shoulders.

"Ready?" they ask, and Tommy nods, taking the hand they offer and letting himself be pulled close. "Do you want to look at each other, or in the mirror?"

"I don't know," Tommy says. Then: "this is nice. Can we do this?"

Olive's expression is soft. "Yeah, this is." They shake Tommy's hand a bit. "I can start. I really don't know how to do this, but –"

"Me either," Tommy admits. "But...but Eret said we can't be wrong, right? So everything is okay." Tommy's been trying to believe that when people say it, but sometimes it's still hard. It's easier with Olive and Eret, as everything often is.

"Yeah, it is. Okay. Hm." Olive's brows furrow slightly. "Um. I really don't know," they laugh nervously. Tommy can tell there's something they want to say, but feel too silly to say it. Before he can convince them to just go ahead, that it's just the two of them here, Olive inhales, "I skated well today."

Tommy nods instantly. Olive did. All of their spins had perfect form and they landed any jump they attempted. Their score was a reward for all their hard work, but even if they didn't get it, it still would have been a beautiful skate.

It also helps that Tommy thinks that everything Olive does is good.

"It's your turn," Olive reminds gently.

"Oh." Tommy frowns. He thinks for a bit. Olive doesn't rush him, doesn't make him explain what's taking so long. They just let Tommy run through the day in his head and decide for himself. "I'm not trying to copy, but...can I say the one you already said?"

"Eret said we can't be wrong," Olive repeats. "And you aren't copying. You skated amazingly today, didn't you? Of course you can say it."

Warmth fills Tommy like a mug. "Okay, then, I skated well today," he says shyly.

Olive nods firmly. "You *did*. Okay, my turn again. Uh –" they do a little hum, then a tiny *bop bop bop* with their mouth as they think. Tommy tries not to feel too terribly fond. "Hm. I think...I think that I looked nice today? Does that count?"

"Yes," Tommy nods. "And you did."

Olive beams. "Well, thank you, kind sir." They tilt their head in a bit. "Your go."

"My go," Tommy repeats. He wonders how long they're going to do this. He's only said one thing and it was him repeating what Olive said but he's still running out. He tries to think about the things that Wilbur says to him.. Maybe something that SMP say to each other. "Maybe...I tried my hardest today. And – and that's what matters."

"Oo," Olive's eyes widen. "Oh, I like that one. Nice."

"Thank you." He flushes. Then a thought hits him. "Hey," he says, nudging his knee against Olive's a bit. "Do the one that you keep thinking about." Olive's brows furrow, confused, but Tommy decides that since Olive will never leave him behind, he won't leave them either. "The one you keep thinking about but won't let yourself say. Don't be embarrassed. It's me."

Olive hesitates, then blows out a long, slow breath. "You drive a hard bargain, Tom Simons." Tommy tries to smile as innocently as he can. "Fine, I will, but only if you say the one *you're* thinking of next."

Tommy startles a bit. He isn't thinking of one. But the second he thinks that, he realizes that he *is*.

Olive inhales. "My next one is that I belong here." Their eyes close. Their hand tightens on Tommy's. "I deserve to have the things that I have. And I don't need what other people think I do to be happy. This is enough for me."

Tommy stays quiet, watching, awed. Then Olive opens their eyes, and they go a bit pink. "Was that too much?"

"No, no. It – that was perfect." Tommy says. "Really."

Olive eases. "Whew. Okay. It really did feel good to get out. Thank you, Tommy. Do you want to make this your last one?"

Tommy nods. He bites his lip a little, suddenly way more nervous than he's ever felt in his entire life. Olive holds his hand a bit firmer.

"I'm right here," Olive says. "And I won't judge you."

A well of something passes through him, rising up to his throat. If he doesn't say this, he thinks that it will hurt. Denying himself will be too much to take.

"Can I close my eyes?" He whispers.

"Of course you can."

Tommy does. He hesitates. He opens his mouth, and it takes him a moment to find his voice. When he speaks, every word shakes. "I didn't – I *never* deserved the way that I was treated."

He holds onto the moment for a bit, letting the words sink in. He wants to believe them. Every time he thinks the opposite, he wants to have the courage to say this instead and really *mean* it. He wants to be able to convince all of the bad things that he went through that they shouldn't have happened to him, and that, just because he grew from them, doesn't mean that he should have *had* to.

He holds his breath, and then lets it go. And when he opens his eyes, Olive is crying. Silent and small, but smiling.

"That," Olive says, "is my favorite affirmation ever."

Tommy laughs a little, then lets go of Olive's hand to pull them into a hug.

Tommy thinks that Olive's parents are...fine.

He hasn't actually talked to them much. There isn't much reason for him too, because if they're ever together or hanging out, then it's either at George's house, or with Eret. Sometimes they go over to Wilbur or Techno's places, and even once or twice, Olive's come inside to Tommy's living room to meet his parents and see his bedroom, but they *never* go to Olive's house.

Tommy was honestly fine with that. He understands how it can be. There are things that everyone doesn't like to talk about. Like how Schlatt never mentions his parents. Like how Quackity doesn't talk about why he moved. Like how Wilbur steadily avoids sitting in certain places on a bus or train. Tommy has a *million* things that he doesn't talk about. Even if he trusts the people around him and knows they love him and would listen with kind ears, he still doesn't want to.

It only makes sense that Olive has their *things* as well. One of them being their house. Tommy never goes in, Tommy never invites himself over, and Olive never does either. They mention their sister, their favorite memories with their parents, funny moments from school, but other than that, it's really just enough to keep Tommy satisfied.

Olive doesn't seem to know that Tommy would be satisfied with nothing. That he isn't owed anything just because they're close friends.

But even with Olive's secret keeping, there's one time where Tommy ends up in the foyer. He knocked on the door of the house, waiting for Olive to bound out excitedly, as they always do, ready for practice. Instead, a man opens the door. Tall, thin, with square shaped glasses on his face. He's wearing a purple button down tucked into khaki pants, and has a watch on his wrist.

He checks it when he sees Tommy standing there. "Ah. Tom. Yes, Olive is –" he turns and looks deeper into the house. "Well, they should be coming soon. They should really learn to be on time –"

"It's okay," Tommy says. "We're early. Coach wanted to talk about our next trip before we practice. I forgot to text, so it isn't their fault."

"Still," the man sighs. "Well, come in. Take your shoes off."

Tommy hesitantly follows the man inside, pulling off his converse at the door before he follows Olive's father down the hall. In the living room, on the couch, sits what he assumes is Olive's mother, who, now that he's thinking about it, he's only ever seen her through photos.

"Hello ma'am," Tommy says. "Beautiful home you have here."

"Thank you dear." She says. "Come sit, would you like something to drink? Water or tea?"

"No thank you," he sits gingerly, folding his hands in his lap.

"So you're my Olive's skating partner, then," she says and her husband comes over and sits next to her. Tommy very suddenly feels like he's being questioned.

"Yes," he says. "They're one of my best friends in the entire world."

"Really?" She asks. Tommy stills. He nods slowly. "I mean...I don't mean bad by it, but ... well, dear, you are an Olympic athlete."

"Yes." Tommy says stiltedly.

"Surely you have friends that are also Olympians? One that you've known longer?" She puts her hand up, "I don't mean any offense. I'm just curious."

"I do," he says haltingly. "Olive's met them all. They're friends with them too."

"Ah, really?" She goes, then for some reason exchanges a look with her husband. "That's... good. We were just worried. You know. That Olive wouldn't... *belong* with such high intensity athletes. I've always figured that they were better as a law student. Well, we *pictured* them as a law student."

Ah. Tommy suddenly understands what's going on here. It sucks to have every single great expectation placed upon you for something that you *enjoy* doing. It's a different beast all together when it's for something you *don't* want to do.

He raises an eyebrow the way his coach used to. Schlatt often tells Tommy that man was good for nothing, but Tommy secretly knows that isn't true. He's good for teaching you how to make someone that isn't worth it feel small. "Olive has merit on their own as a skater. They don't need to rely on me *or* my status as an Olympian to succeed. But...I guess it would be impossible for you to *know* that considering you are never at any of their skates." He tilts his head at their gobsmacked open-mouthed silence. "Whatever you want your child to be doesn't really matter, does it? Because I *know* in your *heart* you would like them to be *happy* above all else, right? I mean, at least that's how *good* parents feel about their children."

"What are you *implying*?" Olive's father snaps, as Olive's mother makes sputtering shocked noises to herself. Tommy resists the urge to roll his eyes.

"There would only be something to imply if there was some reason that Olive *isn't* being treated like the talented, powerful, *successful* skater they are." Tommy says calmly. "So it's up to you. *Is there* something to imply?"

They're both quiet, and Tommy smiles slightly, nodding once to himself. Good. Peace and quiet. For Olive, he'll be as ruthless and mean as everything already believes him to be. He has no issue with that.

"I'm here," Olive says loudly, bustling into the room, bag hanging off their arm and skates in their other hand. "I'm ready to – oh, Tommy. Hi." They stop. Look at their parents, and then

at Tommy, who is standing. "Is everything—"

"Everything is fine, dear," Olive's mom goes, standing as well. "We were just – talking."

"Oh," Olive shifts a bit. It's a little painful to see the way they plaster their smile back on.

"That's great." Their eyes flicker between the two, before landing decidedly on Tommy.

Please lets go, their expression says. *Help*.

"Nice to meet you," Tommy says sweetly. He threads his arm through Olives, taking their skates. "Thank you for inviting me in, but I think Olive can see me out."

Then Tommy tugs lightly, pulling them both back into the hall where he doesn't even wait to put on his shoes, just grabbing them like they're skates before they leave the house. They stand there together, on the porch as Tommy tugs his red converse back on.

"What happened?" Olive asks quickly, voice hushed as if they could overhear. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean for you to get stuck with them. Did they say anything weird?"

"Not weird." Tommy says, fixing the tongue of his shoe. Olive frets. "Rude. Don't worry, I told them it wasn't okay."

Olive eases slightly. "Oh, okay. Good. I'm proud of you. My parents aren't the best at this whole thing, so – I don't know – if they ever say something to offend you, don't just ...let them, you know?"

"I won't." Tommy promises. "I would never let them speak about you like that anyway, so –"

Olive startles. But not like they're surprised to find out their parents were being rude about *them*, but as if they were stunned that Tommy defended them. "Me? Wh – Tommy, you – you defended me? To *them*?"

"You wouldn't let anyone speak about me like that. So I won't. I don't care who they are." He says simply. Slowly, Olive processes, then smiles, touched. "Here." He holds out his hand. Olive takes it, and he squeezes once. They squeeze back. "Let's go?"

"I - Yeah," they shake their head, clearing their mind. "Let's get out of here."

Olive is a little later than Tommy is, but when they get out of their interview, Tommy is there, at Eret's side, looking very ... down.

It's the most subtle of changes; just a hint of a difference in the way Tommy holds himself, but Olive has made it their mission to know these things and so they can see it all over him easily.

"Tommy?" Olive frowns, coming over. Ignoring Eret, not maliciously, but just because Olive can't possibly focus on their coach's worried questions right now. Tommy's eyes flicker a bit, focusing on Olive, but his shoulders are so still – *too* still – and it's worrying them. "Tommy, what's wrong? What happened?"

"Interview," Eret says, and he sounds peeved. Olive's lips purse. "I'm going to go find out *exactly* what was said and *exactly* who I have to deal with. Will you be okay –"

Olive nods, not looking away from their best friend. Their pale, wide, wet-eyed vest friend, who looks like he wants to speak, but he doesn't.

"Hey, come here," Olive says softly, reaching out and pulling him in. He bends easily, tucking. Hiding. "You're alright. It's okay."

They close their arms around him, and then suddenly he jolts, his knees buckling, Olive gasps, going down as well, following Tommy to the ground, keeping a tight hold on him so he doesn't fall.

"Woah, woah, Tommy -"

"Sorry," Tommy gasps softly, voice further muffled by Olive's sweater. "Sorry, sorry – didn't mean to – I'm just – I need –"

"Breathe," Olive commands, shifting so they're cradling him. "You've got to breathe, Tommy. Please."

Tommy whimpers, and Olive curls a hand around the back of his neck to tuck his head under their chin.

"I'm right here, T," they say softly. "I'm not going anywhere." Olive holds him until they feel Tommy reach back, curling his arms around their waist and knotting his fists into their sweater. Olive keeps them tucked there, against the wall, shifting to make themselves as big as they can every time another person passes by so they can't see his face. "Do you wanna try going back to our room, Tommy?" They ask softly. "We can order room service. Watch a movie. We don't have to go anywhere or do anything."

"Me and you?" Tommy asks after a moment, his voice stuffed with tears.

"Yeah," Olive says. "Me and you."

Tommy snuffles, and wobbles to stand, taking the hands that Olive offers him. Trusting Olive to take him away. And so that's exactly what Olive does.

...

"What did they say?" Olive asks later, keeping their voice low, just the same way that Eret was careful not to let the door hit the wall when he came into the room.

Tommy is sleeping now, with his face buried in Olive's sweater stomach, and his arms curled around their back as if trying to melt there and hide. He didn't talk about anything when they came back into the room; just took off his shoes and immediately curled up in Olive's hotel bed. He just barely took the water that they gave him before reaching out for them like he *needed* a hug.

Now, Olive has decided that they aren't going to move so he stays comfortable. They managed to wiggle an arm free and are using it to play with his curls. They're not going anywhere, and honestly, it isn't the *first* time they've fallen asleep like this, pressed close like little dishes. Olive would even go as far as to say they prefer it.

"The usual," Eret sighs, tone defeated. He sounds exhausted, but when he looks at them, a smile curves at his lips. "He's been *plateauing* apparently. According to them, at least. Flushing twelve years of hard work down the drain. Getting soft." Eret's expression shifts, revealing just the tiniest glimmer of pure anger. "Saying that he's going to become old news if he keeps this up."

"Tommy?" Olive blinks. The boy under them shifts but doesn't wake. "Tom Simons? My Tommy? Old news?"

Eret hums, then sits gingerly at the edge of the bed. She reaches out a hand and gently pushes one single stray curl off Tommy's forehead. "Ridiculous, I know." She says softly. "Tommy's got the media's heart. He's got the skating world's trust. It's just that with all of that will come days like this. Where the bad ones sneak out of the wood to bite him."

Olive frowns a little. But it clears slowly. "But ... we'll be here for him."

Eret nods, eyes grateful. "We will."

And with the bad days, come the good.

The ones where they skate beautifully – never minding the parents *not* watching or the disbelievers that *are*. Never minding the odds and the gossip and the jealous snakes looking to trip them both up. The days where they come off the rink and slam into each other's arms and celebrate whatever the results are because it's more than enough for them to be proud of each other, which means that it *has* to be more than enough for everybody else.

At the end of the event, after all the press and the interviews and *talking to people*, Tommy finds Olive in the hotel lobby.

They're sitting on the cleared off breakfast counter, kicking their feet and smiling like they've been waiting for Tommy to come find them for a while now. Tommy doesn't hesitate to go over because even if his social battery is drained, talking to Olive is like..well, it's like being alone. In the best way. He never has to try with them, and that's nice to settle into after a long day of nothing but effort.

"Hiya big shot," Olive greets, patting the marble next to them. "Been waiting for you."

"Sorry," Tommy apologizes, pulling himself up gracefully and crossing his legs. "Did you have to talk to that guy with the mustache?"

"Don't apologize. Do you mean the one with the blue shirt?" Tommy nods and Olive groans exaggeratedly, making him laugh lightly. "Oh god, he talked for hours – how many ways can

you ask the same three questions? Just let me raid the snack table! I wanted one of those cute little cookies that you guys are always talking about!"

Tommy's eyes crinkle. "A jammie?"

"T, now isn't the time to be making up words."

"Olive," Tommy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a folded napkin, "Olive, that's what they're called – jammie dodgers. And they're biscuits, not cookies. Here, I got you one."

Olive's eyes widen. "What? Tommy – why did you -"

"I saw you looking at them," he shrugs, sheepish now. Embarrassed, but - this is important, so - "And because I wanted to do this:" he holds the napkin out, the cookie laid neatly in his covered palms. "Olive Sleepy, this event you placed third, and you skated amazingly. You were picturesque out there, and everyone was in awe at your skill and grace and power. That's no question, of course."

Olive flushes, clearly trying to bite back a pleased, silly smile. "Thank you, Tommy."

Tommy hums a bit, then continues. "But – the thing you are getting *this* first place biscuit medal for is for not forgetting your skate blade covers on the train this time. Stunning. Spectacular. Amazing."

Olive cackles, and Tommy sets the cookie into their outstretched hands with an indulgent smile.

"Oh, you suck," Olive says, and Tommy flushes, pleased. But then their eyes glimmer mischievously, and Tommy blinks when Olive takes the biscuit and breaks it in half.

"Oli, what are you –"

"Hush," they say. "I'm busy. I'm busy presenting this half of my biscuit medal to Tom Simons – who skated second place today, beautiful and inspiring and always a pleasure to watch – but this award is for first place in not hogging the pillows all night when we went to sleep. It was quite selfless of him. We all hope that this trend continues."

Tommy gapes, a smile swelling up from his chest. "You – you –"

Olive grins.

"We stayed up late doing affirmations!" Tommy says, making Olive laugh. "They're important! Just because you wanna rush them –"

"What Eret doesn't know can't hurt him! And can you *blame* me, I want to cuddle, I think that is fairly reasonable to want –"

"Because of you, I always have to make it up for both of us," he finishes, but Olive clearly isn't listening, busy sliding the half of biscuit into Tommy's hand.

"Eat your cookie, Simons," Olive says, eyes glittering.

"Biscuit," Tommy edits. "Be respectful."

Olive snorts, but they both quiet as they chew thoughtfully.

"Hm," Tommy goes when his is gone. "You know what would go great with this?" Olive looks at him, confused. "Raspberry tea." Olive frowns a bit. "Olive. This summer when we take our break, stay with me."

"What?"

"Stay at my place." He says. He's not nervous. Not even in the slightest. Olive has never hurt his feelings before. "We have a guest room. And I already asked my parents. And Eryn will be home too, so we can hang out all the time."

"Tommy, I don't –"

"I want you there," Tommy says. "And I don't want you somewhere where you feel unwanted. You – you said it best yourself. You belong here. With me."

Olive is quiet. But it's a good quiet, because Tommy can feel them taking his hand. He can see their eyes glossing over.

"You're right," they whisper. "I – yeah. I do belong here. And if you'll have me, I'd *love* to stay with you this summer."

Tommy's expression cracks open into a huge smile. He laughs a little, too happy to choke it down. "Good." He says. "Great."

"Just one thing," Olive says, raising their tangled hands and shaking them slightly like they're admonishing him. Tommy blinks. "Raspberry tea would be *horrible* with these things. If you try to make me have both at once, I'm going to be the *worst* house guest in the whole world, I *promise* you that."

Tommy laughs in full, leaning forward and laying his forehead against their shoulder. "Okay," he says. "Okay. I won't. I promise."

The raspberry tea is good, but the company is even better.

When Tommy let it slip that Olive was staying at his house for the summer, and that they might be having a little get together in his backyard, suddenly, his house was crawling with Olympians and athletes alike. Techno came with a hand-cut fruit salad, Sapnap and Karlans Quackity brought cookies, Wilbur and Schlatt came with pasta salad and potato salad and were arguing about which one was better the whole way through the door. They only stopped to pull both Olive and Tommy into big hugs and then continued the argument all the way through the back porch, holding hands the whole entire time.

Tubbo showed up, even though Tommy did not remember telling him where he lived, and Ranboo ducked in after, carrying what looked to be actual gasoline.

For the grill, Tubbo said, all smiles. And when Tommy promised that his father had some already, he just smiled bigger. *You can never have enough.*

George came with ice, and said, *I saw Tubbo set something on fire in the parking lot. Should I call someone?* And when Tommy promised that he wouldn't have to, he nodded, then hugged him, then kissed Olive's forehead. *Be right back. I think it's time that I go bother Sapnap.* He showed his free palm. *Cold hands.*

Eret came, and brought chocolate for the store later and then whipped cream, because they asked him too. Olive plucked it from her hands and smiled innocently. *Don't worry about it. All I can say is...we promise to be nice.*

Tommy laughed at the way Eret sighed, but ruffled their hair anyway, and went to go seek out Phil and Kristin, who snuck in earlier with wine for Tommy's mother.

Ready to have some fun? Olive asked, holding out a hand once everyone was here and the party was in full swing. Tea was being poured, Sapnap had started playing music, and Quackity was getting people up and dancing barefoot on the grass.

Yeah, Tommy takes a deep, deep breath, content and pleased, and puts his hand into Olive's palm. They hold it tight. *Let's go.*

End Notes

the prank that they pull at the party:

"Tommy," Olive says, giggling, voice hushed. "Duck, duck. Put your head down."

Tommy curls into Olive, letting them shephard him into the corner and press a hand to his mouth as if he's the one who's talking.

"Now wait," they go, eyes curved in delight. "Just wait."

One beat. Two. Then:

"*Who put whipped cream in front of the door?*"

Sapnap.

Olive leans in, letting Tommy take their weight and letting them press their forehead to his shoulder. He's still pressed against the wall, and Olive is silently shaking against him, and he's holding them, and he's warm. *So* warm. He's so happy. Tommy giggles, wrapping his arms around Olive, and Olive immediately curls their arms around him. They raise their head and giggle too.

"We have to be quiet," Olive says, voice bouncing. "We can't- stop, Tommy -"

"Sorry, sorry, I -" Tommy inhales, lips wavering up and down. He sighs. "I'm happy."

Olive pauses, pulling back slightly, delight gone. Tommy hesitates, worried, but then they reach forward and cup his cheeks and pulls his face forward to press their lips to his nose.

"Good." Olive says, determined. "I'm glad." Then they grin. "We have to run now, though. You are my accomplice."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!